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## COMMUNICATED.

Some time since a review of Mr. Williams' "Missionary Enterprises" was handed us for publication. The news of his death arriving at the same time, and from a cursory perusal of the manuscript perceiving that there were many attacks of a personal nature, we concluded to omit it, in justice to the memory of the deceased. But upon a more careful examination we find that much of it is of a general nature, and the strictures applicable to missionary operations generally in that quarter. This part of the world is so little known, that those who have hitherto written in regard to it, have too frequently (misled by their zeal or prejudice,) ventured upon assertions which cannot always be substantiated. The remedy for this, is to apply the test of criticism, founded upon observation and experience. Of the work in question we have heard many opinions, the majority of which, some even from those of the author's calling, coincide with those expressed in the review. At any rate, it represents the views of a large class of the community, and as such is entitled to respect. If the statements it contains are erroneous, they are worthy of refutation; if correct, they should be made public, as they refer not only to the book in question, but to the general condition of the islanders at the present time. The subject of missions is one that is greatly agitating the civilized world, and all the light that can be thrown upon it, is valuable. That they have had an important bearing upon the destinies of the Isles of the Pacific, all will allow; but whether their influence has been of so favorable a nature as its warmest advocates assert, or that as much has been accomplished as a few authors would have the public believe, is with some a matter of doubt. The author of the review may have fallen into the opposite error, and approached the subject with preconceived ideas, or prejudices strengthened by a long habit of viewing the subject through one particular medium. But of this our readers can form their own judgment. It is written in a plain but coarse style, and without order or method.

"Narrative of Missionary Enterprise in the South Seas, by John Williams." An enquiry how far this work answers to the real state of the islanders, with remarks upon the Author's and his brother Missionaries' labors in the South Seas, more particularly at the Island of Tahiti. By J. Ronson.

An impartial observer of the results of Missionary efforts hitherto in the South Seas, has much to complain of the high coloring given them in Mr. Williams' work. The Islanders are represented as having attained a degree of Christian perfection rarely to be met with in the most civilized countries, and the author places himself before the public as one dead to the things of time and sense, who has devoted his life to the Saviour's cause.

We give every credit to the zealous and persevering missionary, however limited his success, and would cheerfully join in the general praise of Mr. Williams' exertions, had he not overdrawn the relation of his proceedings. The exaggerated statements forwarded to the Missionary Society from the Islands in the South Seas have greatly diminished the usefulness of that Society, by misleading the Directors as to the real state of the people. This work of Mr. Williams may at first add to its funds, but must ultimately injure the cause of the Mission. With

respect to the book as one affording information, we must give an opinion that all the valuable information it contains might be comprehended in twenty pages, as it is but mere repetition of the Author's and his supposed converts' displays of piety, with lengthened accounts of his zealous labors, and wonderful results, calculated to mislead the religious public. We gather from it that the facility of making converts exceeds the most sanguine expectations of the warmest religious enthusiast; the Author has a few interviews with a tribe whose language he knows little of, and suddenly they imbibe the fullest belief in the Christian faith; or, a native of Riatea is landed among a strange people, and at the next visit the idols are not only thrown down but the whole people are singing fervent praises to the living God, observing family worship, and are transformed into evangelized christians. Had the Author confined himself to the relation of the success he met with in his efforts to convince the natives of the folly of worshipping false gods, we should have read his account with much greater satisfaction. The attempt was creditable, and the success gratifying. We know that at many islands it is not very difficult to convince the natives of the power of the living God, and the nothingness of their idols; every thing they see belonging to the white race is so superior to their preconceived ideas that they readily admit the superiority of the God they worship to those before which they have been accustomed to bow down. An increased intercourse strengthens first impressions, and causes them to trust more to the wisdom of the whites; but much time and labor are necessary to transform the rude savage into the Christian described by the Author, (if ever an adult can be led to attain such a state of perfection.) The social system of civilized life must be taught; the people must be brought to love virtue for its own beauty, and to walk uprightly before their fellow men; and the reasoning faculties must be brought into action in order to lay a solid foundation whereupon to form the christian character. This rapid evangelization of the Author is contrary to reason; civilization must precede it. It is also contrary to the experience of forty years' labor at the Island of Tahiti, twenty-nine of which the missionary was listened to without opposition, as also at the neighboring Islands of Riatea, Huahine, Bora Bora, and others.

The Author of the "Narrative" was stationed at the commencement of his Missionary labors at the Island of Riatea, second only to Tahiti in population. He had acquired complete control of the natives, and was the director of all affairs of the Island both spiritual and temporal; in his letters to the Society in London, the people were represented, in terms equally glowing with those made use of in his work, as sincere converts to the Gospel of Christ, and having among them a greater proportion of communicants than probably any parish in England.

It was without doubt the confidence that the Author had in his flock at Riatea and his conviction that the Christian religion had taken deep root, which caused him to leave them to themselves and carry the Gospel to other Islands; from the state of the people a short time after his

departure, we should have wished he had remained to have exercised his influence over them even at the loss of his interesting narrative. In the year 1832, the people that Capt. Waldegrave found so advanced in scriptural knowledge, presented the worst picture of human degradation, and the whole Island was one spectacle of unmitigated vice. Churches were abandoned, stills were in active operation, and men, women and children were given to every species of debauchery and licentiousness. They lived in the most miserable state with scarcely huts to shelter them, and but little clothing or food, having become too indolent to gather what nature freely spread before them. With the exception of offering human sacrifices, the Islands of Riatea, Bora Bora, and Taha were never in such a state of barbarism. How deep root could the principles of christianity have taken among these people?

Letters written by Natives and speeches delivered apparently breathing a spirit of christian piety, occupy a large space in this work. The native follows the manner of his Missionary and borrows his words in prayer, or at religious meetings; if the Missionary sends a note to a native upon the most trifling affair, it commences with "Health be to you through our Lord Jesus Christ;" the native imitates him, and thus a style is affected that is neither felt nor understood. The native is energetic and eloquent upon subjects concerning the interest of his country or himself individually. At meetings held by the Missionaries, there is a studied and labored repetition of set phrases with an imitation of the sombre manner of his teacher; at composition he is far from quick, the intellectual capacity of a village being required to put too ideas upon paper. Letters to be read at the May Missionary meeting in London, or otherwise for publication, are revised and translated by the Missionary, and in many instances undergo a farther revision of the orthography in London. These letters and speeches very much resemble the preparation of letters and specimens of attainments of a school boy at vacations.

To be Continued.

From the Albion.

MUNGO MACKAY, THE PRACTICAL JOKER.

BY A BLUE NOSE.

Concluded from page 111.

There is no part of the world where a new preacher, whether new-lights or blue-lights, produces a greater sensation than in Boston,—though after he is gone, the people may relapse into quiet Unitarian paths, still they have no objection to wander out of them in search of any novelty in religion, and if they do not always change their belief with every fresh importation, they at least pay him the compliment of hearing what he has got to say. There happened to be, during the period of which I am speaking, one of those wandering theological meteors blazing around Boston, and people from every lane and by-way flocked to see it, not with pieces of smoked glass in their fingers, but with ten-cent-pieces and York shillings, to drop into the green box, by way of adding fuel to the flames. So great was the crowd, that the ordinary rules about the quiet possession of pews for which the owners had paid were entirely broken down; everybody took that seat which suited him best, and those who came late sat down in the places left to them by those who had come early. One pleasant Sunday morning Mackay went to the church by times, took his seat in a central pew, just under the shadow of the pulpit,

and sat bolt upright, with his arms extended with an apparent degree of unnatural rigidity down by his sides. He was presently surrounded by half a dozen females, nearly all of whom were strangers to his person, and in a little time the whole church was full to overflowing.

The psalm was sung, the prayer said, the sermon delivered in the preacher's best style. He dwelt particularly on the requirements of the great precept of brotherly love,—upon the beauty of universal benevolence,—on the pleasure which arises, not only from clothing the naked and feeding the hungry, but from attention to the minute and graceful courtesies and charities of life, by which the thorny path is softened and adorned. In the language of the critics in such matters, "there was not a dry eye in the place;" the appeal had found its way to every heart. All Mackay's immediate neighbors were sensibly affected; he wept with them; the big tears chased each other down his cheeks. But while every one else was busy with their handkerchiefs wiping away the water that the orator, like a second Moses, had by strokes of his eloquence caused to gush from their flinty hearts, Mackay held his arms stiff and straight, while half a glass of liquid suffused his face. The dried eyes of the female friends were not slow to observe this; for in addition to the evident signs of deep feeling which he exhibited, his face was rather a handsome face. He wriggled, fidgeted, looked confused and interesting, but raised no hand, searched for no kerchief, and seemed to be in deep distress.

At length a young widow lady, who sat beside him, remarked that he was ill at ease, and,—heaven bless the female heart! it always melts at any mysterious sorrow,—after one or two downcast looks and fluttering pauses, she said in an under tone,

"Pray, sir, is there any thing the matter with you? You appear to be unwell."

"Ah! madam," breathed Mackay in a whisper, "I am a poor paralytic, and have lost the use of my arms. Though my tears have flowed in answer to the touching sentiments of the pastor, I have not the power to wipe them away."

In an instant a fair hand was thrust into a reticule, and a white handkerchief, scented with otto of roses, was applied to Mackay's eyes; the fair Samaritan, seeming to rejoice in the first opportunity of practising what had been so recently preached, appeared to polish them with right good will. When she had done, M. looked unutterable obligations, but whispered that she would increase them a thousand fold if she would, as it wanted it very much, condescend to wipe his nose. The novelty of the request was thought nothing of; the widow was proud of the promptitude she had displayed in succoring the distressed; and to a person who has done you one kind action, the second seems always easy. Her white hand and whiter handkerchief were raised to Mackay's outwater; but the moment that it was completely enveloped in the folds of the cambric, he gave such a sneeze as made the whole church ring—it was, in fact, more like a neigh. The minister paused in giving out the hymn; the deacons put on their spectacles to see what could be the matter, and in an instant every eye was turned upon Mackay and the fair Samaritan, the latter of whom, being so intent upon her object, or so confounded by the general notoriety she had acquired, still convulsively grasped the nose.

There were hundreds of persons in the church who knew Mackay and his propensities well, and a single glance was sufficient to convince them that a successful hoax had been played off for their amusement. A general titter now ran round the place,—"nods and becks, and wreathed smiles" were the order of the day. Men held down their heads, and laughed outright; and the ladies had to stuff the scented cambric into